

LIVE OAK DAILY DEMOCRAT

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DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

For Member of Congress, 2nd Congressional District:
FRANK CLARK, of Columbia.

For Justice of the Supreme Court:
CHAS. R. PARKHILL, of Pensacola.
JAMES R. WHIPFIELD, of Leon.

For Railroad Commissioner:
NEWTON A. BLITCH, of Leon.
R. HODSON BURK, of Duval.

For Member House of Representatives:
W. B. DORMAN.
W. H. MCCLELLAN.

For Tax Assessor:
A. D. HERRING.

For Tax Collector:
J. N. BISSES.

For County Treasurer:
G. B. DAVIS.

For Member of School Board:
H. A. ADAMS.
R. M. CARVER.
E. R. WISE.

For Member State County Commissioners:
M. L. BURNETT.
J. C. DAVIS.
J. H. GRANT.
W. A. TISON.
J. J. DEMPSEY.

The telegraph operator with the forgetful memory is taking the place of war and pestilence these days in reducing the population by means of railroad collisions.

The man who will condone "The Chansman" for artistic shortcomings and then smile over the woes of "Uncle Tom" missed his calling when he set up for a dramatic critic.

The late Rev. Sam Jones made much money by his lecturing, but it is said that during his public life he gave away nearly half a million dollars for various charitable causes, which was very much more in proportion to his wealth than Carnegie or any of the other plutocratic philanthropists have ever given. Sam Jones loved to help the needy and feed the hungry and he practiced what he preached.

J. West Goodwin, of the Sedalia (Mo.) Banner, is one of the best known newspaper men in the West and he enjoys the distinction of having been longer in newspaper service than any other man in America. He has been 57 years in the business and the other day he celebrated the 70th anniversary of his birthday. Old J. West is a philosopher and on his cards he has these wise words printed, "I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of them never happened." And that's true of every mother's son of us.

A few days ago Chicago had the greatest game of baseball in all her history. It was for the championship of America and the people were out by thousands and went wild with enthusiasm. The Chicago pulpit was silent and the preachers made it a text for their sermons, one of them declaring, "If the same spirit which sets men wild at such baseball games were manifested in the church there would not the un-skeptical left in Chicago." The Chicago preachers should study the subtleties of "Protestantism" as an effective auxiliary to a great spiritual revival in that city.

A man is being said to have been discovered in South Florida to have been through the agency of a white man and the Government authorities investigating the charge. There is no decent white man worth his salt in this country, but not the cause there is plenty of falsehood in some of these revenge charges. Congress should be fixed up so as to make it a penalty for their violation, and not a little of this so-called peace in the South is simply the endeavor of engineers to make shiftless liars and rascals comply with the terms of their contracts.

A WISE NEGRO PREACHER.

Here is an example of a most encouraging nature given in the last issue of the Presbyterian Standard, published at Charlotte, N. C., which if it should become general among the negro preachers of the South, would roll the clouds away which lower over our section and give us all white and black alike, a blessed relief from the burden of the negro problem. The Standard says:

"A negro Baptist preacher in Charlotte, on last Sunday, preached a sermon to his race that ought to be sounded aloud to the uttermost corners of our land. He urged that negro children be trained to work and taught that assault upon white women is a heinous crime that means and deserves death. He stated that the fathers of the white man had fought and died for this land; it is his and rightly so, and that the negro is the inferior race; this, however, does not deter him from standing in the community when he has moral character and industrial ability. Such negroes have firm friends among white people. He deeply deplored the impudence, shiftlessness and effrontery of the average young negro that is seen on the streets."

Here is a negro preacher who sees with clear vision the plain facts all around him and has happily not fallen victim to that propagandist sentimentalism which ignores the whole history of the human race and all common sense, as well, and thinks that the negro, but recently out of barbarism, is by the mere act of emancipation, elevated to the same lofty plane with the leading race of the world whose precedence has been won by the discipline and struggles and trials and conquests of all the centuries since man appeared on earth. The teaching of this Charlotte preacher, while but the recognition of facts as clear as the sun, is of priceless value, because he has found the right and only solution of the problem, and he seems to be one of very few to have made the discovery. No man in the world have more inspiring work to do than the negro preachers of the South; no men have greater opportunity or are capable of larger usefulness, for theirs is the task to lead the majestic march of evolution for a whole race coming up out of the darkness of the past. But if they are unwise leaders, damned by the false lights and delusive hopes of an impossible social equality, encouraging the prejudices of their race rather than enlightening its ignorance, fostering hostility to the whites instead of promoting friendship, they are but leading their people deeper into the wilderness and are false teachers and guides working immeasurable harm while they might be doing immeasurable good. This negro preacher in Charlotte has given a noble example to his brethren in having the good sense to recognize the fixed facts of racial relations in the South and in discovering in the crime and impudence and shiftless idleness and vagrancy of the degenerates of his own people the true problem which must be solved.

The great co-operative movement for the common good has at last reached the Southern farmer and it seems to have come to stay. He now understands that he has something to say in fixing the price of his own product, and the only way he can enforce that right is by combination. The old idea that every farmer must go it on his own hook and that he forfeits his independence when he doesn't, has kept the Southern cotton grower poor, but he sees the light now, and if there is any "cornering" of cotton hereafter he proposes to be the cornerer and make the profit.

The Democrat has received a copy of the Evening Bulletin, published at Honolulu, sway out in the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and it has first-class, readers, metropolitan papers full of interesting information about the delightful tropic land. But

there is plenty of falsehood in some of these revenge charges. Congress should be fixed up so as to make it a penalty for their violation, and not a little of this so-called peace in the South is simply the endeavor of engineers to make shiftless liars and rascals comply with the terms of their contracts.

Here is one white immigrant on his way to Florida, but we don't need to tell you before the reader

in Atlanta last Saturday on a charge of vagrancy and gave this brief biographical sketch of himself: "Yes, sir," he said to the recorder, "I am what you call a professional tramp. My home is everywhere and nowhere. I believe I was born near Charleston, W. Va. I am about twenty-seven years of age, and have been a tramp ever since I was 15. The last time I did any work was six years ago, when I tried to cut up some wood for a lady in Nashville. I am now on my way to Florida, where I expect to winter. In the spring I shall migrate back north." After this confession he was pitilessly consigned to the dungeon under suspicion of being a crook as well as a vagrant, but he's headed for Florida and nothing can stop him.

Tom Watson has retired from Watson's Magazine—some say he was fired or drove out—and will devote himself to his recently established weekly paper in Georgia. In the September number of the magazine he devoted more than a score of pages to "roasting" a Georgia editor because of personal differences, and as that petty theme was of no conceivable interest to the broad constituency supposed to read Watson's Magazine and look to it for instruction on great national and world problems, we don't wonder that the owners of the periodical kicked. A pretentious point of view will never do in running a big magazine, and the editor with a grievance who magnifies himself and his little troubles into a public issue is sure to get his deserved rebuke and discover that the reading world wants better stuff than that for its good money.

Almost the last sermon Sam Jones ever preached was on "Sudden Death" in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, last Friday night, and the Daily Capitol of that city in describing it, says:

"Last night a large crowd was out to hear the Georgia evangelist, Rev. Sam P. Jones. Mr. Jones preached on 'Sudden Death.' From start to finish he pleaded, warned and begged men to flee the wrath to come, and avert the judgments of God. Such an impression has not been made during the meetings. At times men shuddered as he declared the fearful truths of the text. At other times the entire audience was moved to tears. Sighs, tears and emotions were given free vent. Every one felt that God had come closer and given a more earnest call to repentance. At the close of the sermon scores of men and women rushed up to the front to declare themselves for the Christian life. A greater number still requested prayer, and promised to settle the question of salvation."

Use for His Strength.

There is a theatrical manager in New York who in his early days piloted a small circus through the villages of the Middle West.

"At that time," he says, "I was featuring an Italian as 'Biancianni, the Strong Man From Rome.' One day I was traveling from Kansas City to Omaha in a day coach; and the strong man and myself were seated just ahead of a tall man with side whiskers. Whether the man overheard our conversation, I am unable to say; but when we had gone a mile or two he leaned over and tapped my companion on the shoulder, saying 'Excuse me, sir, but are not you Biancianni the Strong Man?'

Biancianni admitted the soft impeachment.

"Is it true that you can lift two and a half tons in harness?"

"Yes."

"You can hold two men in arms' strength?"

"I can."

"And pull up five hundred pounds with one arm?"

"Yes."

"And swim 'hundred with one'"

"Yes."

"Then, mounted on horseback with the saddle-horses, would you finally ride the ocean without fear?"

"I would."

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